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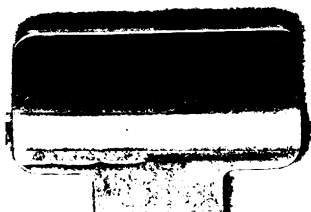
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# THE PHOENIX



**MICHAEL MONAHAN**  
**EDITOR**

**FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1915**

# The Phoenix

A MAGAZINE OF INDIVIDUALITY

Edited by MICHAEL MONAHAN

(Originally founded as The Papyrus, July, 1908)

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# The Phoenix

Michael Monahan, Editor

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## Two Pictures

THERE is a famous passage in Carlyle which describes the meeting of two hostile armies arrayed for mutual slaughter and waiting only the word of their commanders. The common men of whom these armies are made up have not the slightest grievance against each other, nor are they moved by the least animosity. No supreme cause of country has called them into the field—they are there simply in obedience to the summons of their rulers, for reasons which touch them not at all, which do not concern their private fortunes or interests, and which they are not suffered to understand. Yet at the call of authority they have abandoned their wives and children, their fathers and mothers, their sweethearts or promised brides,—yes, all that attaches them to life, in order to shed their innocent blood and the blood of others innocent as themselves, merely to gratify some capricious whim, some guilty or vain ambition of their rulers.

On each side there are priests actively exhorting these common men to do their duty: that is, to shed their common blood with courage as they hope for salvation through the merciful wounds of Christ. And the priests are very careful to point out that in so doing they are but obeying the will of God, as expressed through their rulers, His chosen representatives. Now as this plea is put forth by the priests on both sides, and indeed ever has been since men first banded to slay and rob their kind, it follows that the horrible blasphemy is achieved of making God chiefly responsible for the crime of war!

Thus braced and stimulated by the blessing of religion,

these common men prepare bravely to slaughter their fellows and to submit to be slaughtered themselves; telling themselves that it must be the right thing to do, since their rulers desire it and the priests sanction it. Yet they go to the killing with reluctance or indifference, at first, until very soon, with the blind fury and savagery which the spirit of war engenders, they are changed in despite of themselves. From harmless common men, thinking only with regret of their abandoned homes and dear ones, of their peaceful occupations, the idle plough and loom and workshop,—they are in a few moments turned into murderers, delighting and exulting in the slaughter of their fellows, maddened by the sight of blood, crazy to kill—kill—kill!—and lost to the instincts of humanity.

Something like this is the terrible image of war, called up by Carlyle's famous description. I have here employed the idea—not the words.

There is another picture of two armies drawn by the hand of Karl Marx the Socialist, which, tho not now so famous and admired as that of Carlyle, will in time to come be far more celebrated, invoking greater praise and blessing upon the name of its author. It is in truth less a picture than a prophecy whose fulfilment no remote generation is surely destined to see.

Karl Marx describes the meeting of the armies for battle in much the same manner as Carlyle. They are made up of common men—that most abundant food for cannon. They are summoned to the field by their rulers and have themselves no interest or stake in the matter, no cause at issue, no passion of hatred or revenge to gratify; nor is there any true interest of patriotism to serve by the conflict to which they are driven. However, the priests are on hand to supply the cordials of faith and absolution; and after making the usual exhortation, they retire to the rear.

The armies are now face to face and almost eye to eye, when at the signal for battle given simultaneously on both sides, the mighty host of arrayed enemies throw down their weapons and with one universal hurrah rush into each other's arms!

In that tremendous shout the Spectre of War vanishes for-

ever. The priests and the vultures leave the field where the Brotherhood of Man celebrates its holy rites. The rulers abdicate their thrones and the Era of Humanity begins. . .

Who would not prefer the picture of Karl Marx? Who would not do what in him lies to speed the day of its realization? Who does not believe that what is now happening throughout Europe makes that Day as inevitable as the rising of the Sun of Justice!

MICHAEL MONAHAN.



## The Savior

*From the German of Richard Dehmel.*

**I**N a desert lay a crowd of people  
Half dead from thirst. They wailed aloud.  
One only suffered silently:  
A beautiful girl with brown  
And helpless eyes, whose bosom burned  
More greedily with pity than with thirst.  
Then, as if grown out of the scorched horizon  
There came a stranger to those people  
And raised toward them his forefinger;  
While from that pointed, quivering fingertip  
A blood drop welled—welled, trembled, fell—  
Fell down upon the sand.  
Astonished stared the people at the stranger.  
He stood quite still. Drop after drop  
Fell from his finger to the sand,  
And ever, as each red drop struck,  
He paled and shuddered, while they gaped,  
And some were heard to snarl: "He's mocking us!"  
Then cried he loud with his last strength:  
"Come here and drink—I bleed to death for you!"  
But as he passed away, the girl spoke up:  
"It's water that they want!—"

EDWIN BJORKMAN.



I hate the woman who is not a mystery to herself as well  
as to me.

## Henry Ford: Utopian

**G**IVE me my loud-toned lyre, for I sing to-day a Man and his Achievement!

A plain American, without frills or fakeries, modest, avoiding the *réclame* for himself, but daring all for his Idea.

A man who has actually **DONE** something for his kind and thereby redeemed this age from a vast reproach of brag and futility; for all is futile that is not done for **HUMANITY**.

The world, it is said, always awaits a hero. Well, here is a strong two-handed man who has taken Utopia out of the clouds and set it down, square and solid, on the map. Yesterday it was Nowhere—the Land of Cockaigne—the Limbo of poetic visions. To-day it is a small but definite and **REALIZED** city; to-morrow it may shelter the human race.

The Doer is the universal hero. The Thing Done is the sum of history, of world-advance, of civilization.

Note also that the Doer is the affirmer, the optimist, for all hope rests upon something done or achieved in past time. Given a man of the right spiritual mould, and your Doer prepares the Utopia of to-morrow.

For the past three or four years, and increasingly in the last year or so, we have been hearing much about a Man named Henry Ford—"that man Ford"—who lives in Detroit.

He is constantly turning up in the newspapers and magazines, and he is a strong Topical favorite when neighbors commune over the back fence. His fame is a highway Rumor and its incense a whiff of Gasolene.

Some people think his name is almost as well known as Tartarin Teddy's, although so far as searched, his past records no political ambitions, and the Crime of having once run for village constable has never been brought home to him.

Naturally the American world is interested in a man who is said to make a Thousand automobiles every working day—and then Some!

Who was scarcely heard of, say a half-dozen years ago, and who now ranks with the really Worth-while and justly Notable Americans (not a Crowded class, believe me!)

Who no more than a dozen years back was working in Overalls for a mechanic's Wage, and who is now rated with the multi-millionaire Princes of Industry.

Who has had such success in making and selling automobiles that it will ere long be a Luxury for some of us to go back to our pegs and revive the lost art of Walking.

Who is said to be the only Mechanician in history that has displayed business abilities of the first order.

Whose cars are in use by over half-a-million people and may be found wherever Civilization has cleared out a road and the necessary motive "juice" can be negotiated.

Whose parent factory in Detroit employs seventeen thousand men and has a yearly capacity of over 300,000 cars; while sub-factories in Canada and in England add considerably to the output and the pay-rolls. Then there are the "assembling plants" (factories where the cars are not actually made as to their component parts but where these are put together)—some twenty-odd of them scattered over the country, and a big one right here at our doors in Long Island City. Add the many business branches, agencies, etc., domestic and foreign, and you discover that Henry Ford employs in the aggregate—but good gracious! I've slipped a cog in my statistics and fear to exaggerate. Anyway, I believe the Ford world foots up a total of about Thirty thousand.

This is quite impressive, but understand here is not the place to applaud. I am not telling a tale of tall figures—you can get those from the Steel Trust or the Standard Oil. It is not the number of his workers, but **WHAT HE IS DOING FOR THEM**,—aye, and indirectly **FOR ALL OF US!**—that has prompted me to write about Henry Ford. . . .

The Arabian enchanter produced a City in a single night. Making due allowances, Henry Ford's achievement seems to me no less wonderful.

Nay, far greater: for the one was an Illusion, whilst the other remains an abiding and increasing Marvel in our eyes.

But the story of "that man Ford" in its large outlines is, as I have said, a tolerably familiar one, which asks no more at

my hand. Of persons in the Public Eye, none has been more thoroughly "written up" in magazines and newspapers during four or five years past. Success is even a greater Detective than the famous Mr. Burns—it ALWAYS finds the man out! Also there is one thing which success cannot for its life avoid or escape in this country—I mean Publicity; for that is in various ways a toll levied upon the successful. In the case of Henry Ford, however, it has a good deal more to say for itself, and is actually conducing to better ends than the vulgar curiosity that gapes before the gilded idol Success.

And this brings me to a point of deeper interest in the story—one that gives a new and extraordinary value to the achievement of Henry Ford.

I refer to a very late development of Mr. Ford's plans for the conduct of his great industry,—in point of fact, scarcely two years old,—and a clear conception of which has not yet reached the public. There have been, indeed, rumors of a Profit-Sharing Plan, rumors vague and wild and of a romantic, visionary and as it were, mouth-watering character. Nay, the Plan has been depicted as so easy and open to all comers that our old comic friends, Alkali Ike and Panhandle Pete, have taken up an extra hole in their belts and hiked for the Michigan Melon! But as the experiment is of quite recent adoption, the public is still very much in the dark about it.

This new phase of the Ford Idea is tersely explained by Mr. J. R. Lee, one of the captains of the organization, in a letter to the present writer:—

"In the three-fold phase of manufacture, having to do with men, mechanism and material, we came to realize, some eighteen months ago, that we had highly specialized and developed mechanism and material, and that we had woefully neglected the men."

That man Ford had reached a crisis in his wonderful career. He was touching the Fiftieth year, when the soul of man is apt to interrogate itself sternly as to the Wherefore, Whence, and Whither; and reason at length perceives all things in the "dry light." At this Climacteric or fateful age, Tolstoy, sick of literary fame, weary of playing with satiated

passions and revolting against the emptiness of his life, resolved to hang himself. Happily the thought came to him, in the nick of time, that he might save himself by trying to save other men. Tolstoy started afresh from Calvary—and all the world knows the rest of the story.

So the Climacteric called on Henry Ford, and to personify, she is a caller that will not be denied! Rather annoying, for there was really nothing to complain of, taking matters by and large. Every third car you saw was a Ford. As that hook-nosed chap said he had found Rome of brick and left it of marble, so we found men walking and will leave them riding! Production above three hundred thousand cars a year:—there they went rolling from Cairo, Illinois, to its namesake in the land of the Pyramids, and t'other way back! Business quite satisfactory,—something like Ninety Million dollars the last year, and the high-water mark still not within thinking distance. Ye-es, come to reckon it all over, there was *one* slight drawback to his perfect content, one tiny puncture in his tire, one plaguy little thorn in his night cap. Mr. Ford never swears, but what the Vanadium was he going to do with his share of the profits, plain man as he was, without any of the expensive pleasures of the American plutocrat? No slight problem that, figuring said profits on a sixty per cent. basis!

And then the Ibis-wings of inspiration suddenly expanded, bearing him to a great height whence he looked down, as it seemed for the first time (so marvelously clear was his vision) upon the world of toiling humanity. And again as never before, he marked the cruel struggle with Poverty and Temptation, with Ignorance and Vice; he saw the fearful sacrifice of Youth without innocence or joy, the tragedy of Age without bread or refuge; and as never before, he estimated the waste, the misery, the utter uselessness and hopelessness of those innumerable lives. Like Dante in *Malebolge*, he saw a vision which was never to leave his soul at peace, until in a solemn hour he took his resolution, whilst a voice within him proclaimed—

“Come, let us do something for MEN!”



Maybe the Great Idea was not born just in the fashion here described; and perhaps the true genesis of it harked back to the time of the Overalls and the mechanic's Wage; it came along, at any rate, and that's the point which concerns us here.

Let us now see how Henry Ford, practical Utopian, went to work to realize his Idea.

It is important to note that the Ford Profit-Sharing Plan is, first of all, based upon an intelligent study and comprehension of the capabilities and qualifications of the workers.

It aims at social betterment, at individual upbuilding. It puts more money in the worker's purse that he may put more beauty and value in his life.

This is the only "string" attached to Mr. Ford's gift, and the man grossly failing to fulfill this one indispensable condition is denied a share in the profits, however skilled or competent he may be in his special line of work.

The profit-sharing Ford employees must square up to their community and family obligations. They must be good citizens, in the ordinary sense, wear good clothes, live in clean, well-furnished, sanitary houses, avoid dissipation, save their money, and take proper care of themselves, their wives and children.

That's all—and here's the magic sesame, the little golden key that opens the door to the new life!

I've been hearing about Practical Philanthropy all my life, but s'elp me, this is the first I've seen of the REAL THING, applied on a large scale.

Henry Ford IS a sure-enough Philanthropist—though I expect he'd duck if you threw that bouquet at him. He likes plain words that he can use handily, like the tools he has never really put by.

I admit that so-called philanthropic millionaires are no rarity among us (look at Carnegie and Rockefeller): the point I make is, how does their philanthropy really benefit the race? Do they not give us stones instead of bread?—and what if they be monumental stones or architectural carnegies?—all's one to those who cannot eat their gift!

There be millionaires who have made libraries, and mil-

lionaires who have made divinity factories, and millionaires who have made polo championships, and millionaires who have made female "stars" in the dramatic firmament.

Alone as an employer Henry Ford has made and is making  
—MEN!

Now notice another thing.

The great moments of life, says Emerson, are here and now. To which I dare add that adventures amongst the Obvious are apt to prove the most wonderful of all.

And I further add that Henry Ford's sure-enough, undoubted philanthropy is ACTUALLY PAYING FOR ITSELF.

Mr. Lee, in the letter above referred to, states that prior to the Ford Company's taking up the Problem of Men effectually and inaugurating its Profit-Sharing Plan, etc., the same loose conditions prevailed in the parent factory at Detroit as in other places employing large bodies of men. Different rates of wages obtained for the same grades of skill and classes of work. There was no coherent system dealing with all impartially and—what is of supreme importance—INTERESTING ITSELF IN ALL. Employees generally were at the mercy of bosses and sub-bosses. They kept going and coming in large numbers, a shiftless, purposeless army, profitless to themselves and more or less unprofitable to their employer. Chief in this category were those fugitive workers whom Mr. Lee classifies as "five-day men;" that is (attention, please!) employees who are not in attendance for five consecutive days without leave of absence (i. e., without taking it), and whose names are therefore automatically removed from the roll at the end of five days.

In the month of December 1912 five-day men to the number of 3,593 passed through the Ford factory in Detroit. In October 1913, ten months after the man-building scheme had been put in operation, the army of five-day men had shrunk to 322.

Which demonstrates rather strikingly the value of REAL philanthropy and also the hopeful possibilities of the laboring man.

Competency—Happiness—Comfort—Security!—before these magical words that straggling, ne'er-do-well, dejected and de-

feated army of Five-day Men vanished like the night-hags of dream or the mists of morning in the orient sun.

In point of strict prosaic fact, they went and they have never come back in force. A cutting out of waste and worry and disorganization which comes under the head of Good Business as well as Practical Philanthropy.

And, besides, efficiency was greatly increased, for every worker had Hope and Ambition for his unseen helpers. Figures prove it: in February 1913 with a given number of men, 15,000 cars were made and shipped; while in February 1914 WITH 300 MEN LESS, the factory turned out 26,000 cars.

How about this?

Utopia is NOT so impossible, if you know how to go after it! . . . .

Like master like man—an old and approved saw.

It follows naturally that if Mr. Ford is making a new type of workman, as many of us are persuaded, he is also developing a new type of "boss" or manager, which does him scarcely less credit.

Logically indeed, the one presupposes the other. The Ford captain is marked by an active, well-developed instinct of humanity no less than by the usual and expected qualities of foremanship. That is certainly the impression one derives from an open-minded study of the Ford Plan—an impression confirmed by personal contact with such representative Ford men as Mr. Gaston Plaintiff and Mr. Albert Hirsh, managers of the New York City branch (which includes the Long Island City plant above referred to), and both animated symbols of the Ford Idea. So the Plan, like the sun, shines for all, from Mr. Henry Ford himself, with his generals and field-m Marshals and captains, down to the humblest toiler in overalls and jumpers. Speed the day when it shall be universal as the sun itself, enlightening and redeeming the mass of humanity!

Let us take another look.

The Ford employees are divided into six general groups designated as A—B—C—D—E—Special, and each of these is sub-divided into beginners, men of average ability and first-

class workmen. There is also a "service rate," intended to give the humbler class of labor a share of the profits.

As I have pointed out, Mr. Ford's philanthropy is based on business principles no less than upon considerations altruistic: in fact, good business and philanthropy are not so far apart as the world has come to believe. This dispenses with the rosy fiction that *nobody* in the Ford factories is paid less than Five Dollars a day. That would be mere ostentatious charity—giving away the money. Now Mr. Ford does not insult you by giving you money: he makes you earn it by what you do for yourself and him. And he is the first employer, in a large way, to reward his workers for **BEING GOOD TO THEMSELVES**,—i. e., taking on higher standards of living and conduct and aspiration.

O Mr. Bounderby of Coketown, don't you turn in your grave as you hear these dreadful words? Is not this actually feeding the "hands" turtle-soup with a gold spoon, which the same you so often wrathfully predicted? Give heed too, ye living Bounderbys, for these fateful and beneficent words sound the knell of your greed and heartlessness and grinding of the face of labor. Nay, my Lords and Gentlemen and Honorable Boards, here is of a truth a revolutionary change from the ancient order of things! . . .

At present about Sixty per cent. of the entire working force of the Ford industry are receiving a share of the profits, and about Forty per cent. are not. But the wage rate of the non-sharers is precisely the same as that paid to the Sixty per cent., with this difference: the latter are credited in addition to their pay with an amount in profits making their daily income Five, Six, and Seven Dollars, as the case may be. More specifically, it is provided that those workers eligible under the Profit-Sharing Plan, shall receive Five Dollars a day whose shop-rate ranges from 26c to 38c an hour; Six Dollars a day being paid to those receiving wages of 38c to 48c an hour; and Seven Dollars a day to those whose wages exceed 48c an hour. Eight hours make the Ford working day.

Needless to point out, these lucky partners of "that man Ford" are the best paid manual workers in the world, and

for most of them life has been changed as by a benign freak of fortune.

Can you imagine anything better for the world than an extension of this sort of philanthropy? . . .

As I have told you, about Sixty per cent. of the Ford employees now benefit by the Profit-Sharing Plan, and the remaining Forty per cent. are being shown how to make good for it. It may be said that neither the Chautauquas nor the University Extension Centers have ever reported anything like their eagerness to learn.

THRIFT, SELF-HELP, EFFICIENCY, GOOD LIVING, PURPOSE and AMBITION are impressed upon all Mr. Ford's prospective partners, and in addition, means have been taken to instruct foreigners in our language and ways of living, and also to protect them from exploiters of their own race. A Loan and Savings Association, conducted by the Ford Company, is doing much to cure waste and improvidence among the workers. There are no slum-dwellers, no drunkards, no persistent abusers of life and opportunity, among this vast army of cheerful, ambitious toilers. But note that Mr. Ford demands temperance from his employees—not teetotalism, and he believes that a certain amount of temptation is needed to keep man from degenerating to the jelly-fish.—The powers that prey upon the poor, wherever many of them are gathered, have little to do here. There are no houses to be seen whose very lintels tell a tale of frowzy poverty, ill-paid labor, squalid dissipation. } And best of all, the very humblest of the Ford workers have been made sure of TO-DAY and hopeful for TO-MORROW!

A last word. There be many worthy people in our country who plague themselves woundily with the bugaboo of Socialism. They mark the Socialist vote increasing from year to year and they fear that the Deluge will not be considerate enough to wait until after their time. So they denounce Socialism, without really understanding it or its programme, and they think to stop or impede it by subscribing to foolish papers which attack Socialism mainly on the ground of its

alleged immorality. As if anything could be more immoral than the present condition of things!

Such people think we will have to set up a Strong Government to protect us against Socialism, and the same view is a favorite one with many rich men and haters of democracy and comfortable, timorous persons—"good easy souls"—whose nearest approach to useful labor is the periodic clipping of guilt-edged coupons.

I wonder how long it will take these and their like to see that Henry Ford has hit upon an easier and surer method to draw the teeth of the socialistic Bugbear? . . .

Likewise I say to all fretting, impatient children of the Dawn, workers for the débacle, dilettante revolutionists, Jack Londons of the pen, yea, all and sundry who are striving to shake down the pillars of the strong House of Civilization about our ears:—

There is no need of any Deluge or Chaos or bloody Revolution in which to sink our present civilization which, bad as it is and honey-combed with failure, has yet cost the world endless pains and a long journey. We can save all that we have gained in our toilsome climb through the ages and moreover build unto higher things. Henry Ford has shown the way!

MICHAEL MONAHAN.



## Man and the Simphon

**A** BLUE lake is deeply set in mountains capped with eternal snow. A dark network of gardens descends in gorgeous folds to the water. White houses that look like lumps of sugar peer down from the bank into the lake; and everything around is as quiet and peaceful as the sleep of a child.

It is morning. A perfume of flowers is wafted gently from the mountains. The sun is new risen and the dew still glistens on the leaves of trees and the petals of flowers. A road like a grey ribbon thrusts into the quiet mountain gorge—a stone-paved road which yet looks as soft as velvet, so that one almost has a desire to stroke it.

Near a pile of stones sits a workman, like some dark coloured beetle; on his breast is a medal; his face is serious, bold, but kindly.

Placing his sunburnt hands on his knees and looking up into the face of a passer-by who has stopped in the shade of a chestnut-tree, he says:

"This is the Simplon, signor, and this is a medal for working in the Simplon tunnel."

And lowering his eyes to his breast he smiles fondly at the bright piece of metal.

"Oh, every kind of work is hard for a time, until you get used to it, and then it grows upon you and becomes easy. Ay, but it was hard work, though!"

He shook his head a little, smiling at the sun; then suddenly he checked himself and waved his hand; his black eyes glistened.

"I was afraid at times. The earth must have some feeling, don't you think? When we had burrowed to a great depth, when we had made this wound in the mountain, she received us rudely enough. She breathed a hot breath on us that made the heart stop beating, made the head dizzy and the bones ache. Many experienced this. Then the mother earth showered stones upon her children, poured hot water over us; ay, there was fear in it, signor! Sometimes, in the torchlight, the water became red and my father told me that we had wounded the earth and that she would drown us, would burn us all up with her blood—you will live to see it! It was all fancy, like enough, but when one hears such words deep in the bowels of the earth—in the damp and suffocating darkness, amid the plaintive splashing of water and the grinding of iron against stone—one forgets for the moment how much is fantasy. For everything was fantastic there, dear signor: we men were so puny, while the mountain, into whose belly we were boring, reached up to the sky. One must see in order to understand it. It is necessary to see the black gaping mouth cut by us, tiny people, who entered it at sunset—and how sadly the sun looks after those who desert him and go into the bowels of the earth! It is necessary to see our machines and the grim face of the mountain, and to hear the

dark rumblings in it and the blasts, like the wild laughter of a madman."

He looked at his hands, set right the medal on his blue blouse and sighed.

"Man knows how to work!" he continued, with manifest pride. "Oh, signor, a puny man, when he wills to work, is an invincible force! And, believe me: in the end, the little man will do everything he wants to do. My father did not believe it, at first.

"To cut through a mountain from country to country," he said 'is contrary to the will of God, who separated countries by mountain walls; you will see that the Madonna will not be with us!' He was wrong, the old man; the Madonna is on the side of everyone who loves her. Afterwards my father began to think as I now think and avow to you, because he felt that he was greater and stronger than the mountain; but there was a time when, on holidays, sitting at a table before a bottle of wine, he would declare to me and others:

"'Children of God'—that was his favourite saying, for he was a kind and good man—"children of God, you must not struggle with the earth like that; she will be revenged on you for her wounds, and will remain unconquerable! You will see: when we bore into the mountain as far as the heart, when we touch the heart, it will burn us up, it will hurl fire upon us, because the earth's heart is fiery—everybody knows that! To cultivate the soil means to help it to give birth—we are bidden to do that; but now we are spoiling its physiognomy, its form. Behold! The farther we dig into the mountain the hotter the air becomes and the harder it is to breathe."

The man laughed quietly and curled the ends of his moustache with both hands.

"Not he alone thought like that, and he was right; the farther we went in the tunnel, the hotter it became, and men fell prostrate and were overcome. Water gushed forth faster from the hot springs, whole seams fell down, and two of our fellows from Lugano went mad. At night in the bar-



racks many of us talked in delirium, groaned and jumped up from our beds in terror.

"Am I not right?" said my father, with fear in his eyes and coughing more and more, and more and more huskily—he did, signor. 'Am I not right?' he said. 'She is unconquerable, the earth!'

"At last the old man lay down for the last time. He was very strong, my old one; for more than three weeks he struggled bravely with death, as a man who knows his worth, and never complained.

"My work is finished, Paolo,' he said to me once in the night. 'Take care of yourself and return home; let the Madonna guide you!'

"Then he was silent for a long time; he covered up his face, and was nigh to choking."

The man stood up, looked at the mountains and stretched himself with such force that his sinews cracked.

"He took me by the hand, drew me to himself and said—it's the solemn truth, signor—

"Do you know, Paolo, my son, in spite of all, I think it will be done; we and those who advance from the other side will meet in the mountain, we shall meet—do you believe that?"

"I did believe it, signor.

"Well, my son, so you must: everything must be done with a firm belief in a happy ending and in God who helps good people by the prayers of the Madonna. I beg you, my son, if it does happen, if the men meet, come to my grave and say: "Father, it is done," so that I may know!"

"It was all right, dear signor, I promised him. He died five days after my words were spoken, and two days before his death he asked me to bury him on the spot where he had last worked in the tunnel. He prayed, but I think it was in delirium.

"We and the others who came from the opposite side met in the mountain thirteen weeks after my father's death—it was a mad day, signor! Oh, when we heard there, under the earth, in the darkness, the noise of other workmen, the noise of those who came to meet us under the earth—you un-

derstand, signor, under the tremendous weight of the earth which might have crushed us, puny little things, all at once had it but known how!

"For many days we heard these rumbling sounds; every day they became louder and louder, clearer and clearer, and we became possessed by the joyful madness of conquerors—we worked like demons, like persons without bodies, not feeling fatigue, not requiring directions—it was as good as a dance on a sunny day, upon my word of honor! We all became as good and kind to one another as children are. Oh, if you only knew how intensely passionate is one's desire to meet a human being in the dark, under the earth into which one has burrowed like a mole for many long months!"

His face flushed, he walked up close to the listener and, looking into the latter's face with deep kindling eyes, went on quietly and joyously:

"And when the last wall finally crumbled away, and in the opening appeared the red light of a torch and somebody's dark face covered with tears of joy, and then another face, and more torches and more faces—shouts of victory resounded, shouts of joy. . . Oh, it was the best day of my life, and when I think of it I feel that I have not lived in vain! There was work, my work, holy work, signor, I tell you, yes! . . . Yes, we kissed the earth—that day the earth was specially near and dear to me, signor, and I fell in love with it as if it had been a woman!

"Of course I went to my father! Of course—although I don't know that the dead can hear—but I went: we must respect the wishes of those who toiled for us and who suffered no less than we do—must we not, signor? . . .

"Yes, yes, I went to his grave, knocked with my foot against the ground and said, as he wished:

"'Father—it is done!' I said. 'The people have conquered. It is done, father!'"

MAXIM GORKY.



Propinquity seems often perilous to friendship as to love. The heart is content to feed upon the image of the absent one.

## The Doctor's Story

ONE day in autumn on my way back from a remote part of the country I caught cold and fell ill. Fortunately the fever attacked me in the district town at the inn; I sent for the doctor. In half-an-hour the district doctor appeared, a thin, dark-haired man of middle height. He prescribed me the usual sudorific, ordered a mustard-plaster to be put on, very deftly slid a five-rouble note up his sleeve, coughing drily and looking away as he did so, and then was getting up to go home, but somehow fell into talk and remained. . . .

"This is how it was: a lady, a widow, writes to me; she says, "My daughter is dying. Come, for God's sake!" she says; "and the horses have been sent for you." Well, that's all right. But she was twenty miles from the town, and it was midnight out of doors, and the roads in such a state, my word! And as she was poor herself, one could not expect more than two silver roubles, and even that problematic; and perhaps it might only be a matter of a roll of linen and a sack of oatmeal in payment. However, duty, you know, before everything: a fellow-creature may be dying. I look; a wretched little trap was standing at the steps, with peasant's horses, fat—too fat—and their coat as shaggy as felt; and the coachman sitting with his cap off out of respect. Well, I think to myself, "It's clear, my friend, these patients aren't rolling in riches." . . . You smile; but I tell you, a poor man like me has to take everything into consideration. . . . If the coachman sits like a prince, and doesn't touch his cap, and even sneers at you behind his beard, and flicks his whip—then you may bet on six roubles. But this case, I saw, had a very different air. However, I think there's no help for it; duty before everything. I snatch up the most necessary drugs, and set off. Will you believe it? I only just managed to get there at all. The road was infernal: streams, snow, water-courses, and the dyke had suddenly burst there—that was the worst of it! However, I arrived at last: It was a little thatched house. There was a light in the windows; that meant they expected me. I was met by an old lady, very venerable, in a cap. "Save her!" she says; "she is dying." I say, "Pray

don't distress yourself—where is the invalid?" "Come this way." I see a clean little room, a lamp in the corner; on the bed a girl of twenty, unconscious. She was in a burning heat, and breathing heavily—it was fever. There were two other girls, her sisters, scared and in tears. "Yesterday," they tell me, "she was perfectly well and had a good appetite; this morning she complained of her head, and this evening, suddenly, you see, like this." I say again: "Pray don't be uneasy." It's a doctor's duty, you know—and I went up to her and bled her, told them to put on a mustard-plaster, and prescribed a mixture. Meantime I looked at her; I looked at her, you know—there, by God! I had never seen such a face!—she was a beauty, in a word! I felt quite shaken with pity. Such lovely features; such eyes! . . . But, thank God! she became easier; she fell into a perspiration, seemed to come to her senses, looked around, smiled, and passed her hand over her face. . . .

Her sisters bent over her. They ask, "How are you?" "All right," she says, and turns away. I looked at her; she had fallen asleep. "Well," I say, "now the patient should be left alone." So we all went out on tiptoe; only a maid remained, in case she was wanted. In the parlor there was a samovar standing on the table, and a bottle of rum; in our profession one can't get on without it. They gave me tea; asked me to stop the night. . . . I consented: where could I go, indeed, at that time of night? The old lady kept groaning. "What is it?" I say; "she will live; don't worry yourself; you had better take a little rest yourself; it is about two o'clock." "But will you send to wake me if anything happens?" "Yes, yes." The old lady went away, and the girls too went to their own room; they made up a bed for me in the parlor. Well, I went to bed—but I could not get to sleep, for a wonder: for in reality I was very tired. I could not get my patient out of my head. At last I could not put up with it any longer; I got up suddenly; I think to myself, "I will go and see how the patient is getting on." Her bedroom was next to the parlor. Well, I got up, and gently opened the door—how my heart beat! I looked in; the servant was asleep, her mouth wide open, and even snoring,

the wretch! but the patient lay with her face towards me, and her arms flung wide apart, poor girl! I went up to her . . . when suddenly she opened her eyes and stared at me! "Who is it? who is it?" I was in confusion. "Don't be alarmed, madam," I say; "I am the doctor; I have come to see how you feel." "You the doctor?" "Yes, the doctor; your mother sent for me from the town; we have bled you, madam; now pray go to sleep, and in a day or two, please God! we will set you on your feet again." "Ah, yes, yes, doctor, don't let me die. . . please, please." "Why do you talk like that? God bless you!" She is in a fever again, I think to myself; I felt her pulse; yes, she was feverish. She looked at me, and then took me by the hand. "I will tell you why I don't want to die; I will tell you. . . . Now we are alone; and only, please don't you. . . not to anyone. . . Listen. . . ." I bent down; she moved her lips quite to my ear; she touched my cheek with her hair—I confess my head went round—and began to whisper. . . . I could make out nothing of it. . . . Ah, she was delirious! . . . She whispered and whispered, but so quickly, and as if it were not in Russian; at last she finished, and shivering dropped her head on the pillow, and threatened me with her fingers: "Remember, doctor, to no one!" I calmed her somehow, gave her something to drink, waked the servant, and went away.'

At this point the doctor again took snuff with exasperated energy, and for a moment seemed stupefied by its effects.

'However,' he continued, 'the next day, contrary to my expectations, the patient was no better. I thought and thought, and suddenly decided to remain there, even though my other patients were expecting me. . . . And you know one can't afford to disregard that; one's practice suffers if one does. But, in the first place, the patient was really in danger; and secondly, to tell the truth, I felt strongly drawn to her. Besides, I liked the whole family. Though they were really badly off, they were singularly, I may say, cultivated people. . . . Meantime the roads were in a worse state than ever; all communications, so to say, were cut off completely;

even medicine could with difficulty be got from the town. . . The sick girl was not getting better.'

He drank off a glass of tea, and began in a calmer voice.

'Well, then. My patient kept getting worse and worse. You are not a doctor, my good sir; you cannot understand what passes in a poor fellow's heart, especially at first, when he begins to suspect that the disease is getting the upper hand of him. What becomes of his belief in himself? You suddenly grow so timid; it's indescribable. You fancy then that you have forgotten everything you knew, and that the patient has no faith in you, and that other people begin to notice how distracted you are, and tell you the symptoms with reluctance; that they are looking at you suspiciously, whispering. . . Ah! it's horrid! There must be a remedy, you think, for this disease, if one could find it. Isn't this it? You try—no, that's not it! You don't allow the medicine the necessary time to do good. . . You clutch at one thing, then at another. Sometimes you take up a book of medical prescriptions—here it is, you think! Sometimes, by Jove, you pick one out by chance, thinking to leave it to fate. . . But meantime a fellow-creature's dying, and another doctor would have saved him. "We must have a consultation," you say; "I will not take the responsibility on myself." And what a fool you look at such times! Well, in time you learn to bear it, it's nothing to you. A man has died—but it's not your fault; you treated him by the rules. But what's still more torture to you is to see blind faith in you, and to feel yourself that you are not able to be of use. Well, it was just this blind faith that the whole of Alexandra Andreevna's family had in me; they had forgotten to think that their daughter was in danger. And Alexandra Andreevna had grown fond of me; she would not sometimes let anyone be in her room but me. She began to talk to me, to ask me questions; where I had studied, how I lived, who are my people, whom I go to see. I feel that she ought not to talk; but to forbid her to—to forbid her resolutely, you know—I could not. She would only take her medicine from my hands. . . she would lift herself up, poor girl, with my aid, take it, and gaze at me. . . My heart felt as if it were bursting. And mean-

while she was growing worse and worse, worse and worse, all the time; she will die, I think to myself; she must die. Believe me, I would sooner have gone to the grave myself; and here were her mother and sisters watching me, looking into my eyes. . . and their faith in me was wearing away. "Well? how is she?" "Oh, all right, all right!" All right, indeed! My mind was failing me.

Well, I was sitting one night alone again by my patient. The maid was sitting there too, and snoring away in full swing; I couldn't find fault with the poor girl, though; she was worn out too. Alexandra Andreevna had felt very unwell all the evening; she was very feverish. Until midnight she kept tossing about; at last she seemed to fall asleep; at least, she lay still without stirring. The lamp was burning in the corner before the holy image. I sat there, you know, with my head bent; I even dozed a little. Suddenly it seemed as though someone touched me in the side; I turned round. . . . Good God! Alexandra Andreevna was gazing with intent eyes at me . . . her lips parted, her cheeks seemed burning. "What is it?" "Doctor, shall I die?" "Merciful Heavens!" "No, doctor, no; please don't tell me I shall live . . . don't say so . . . If you knew . . . Listen! for God's sake don't conceal my real position," and her breath came so fast. "If I can know for certain that I must die . . . then I will tell you all—all!" "Alexandra Andreevna, I beg!" "Listen; I have not been asleep at all . . . I have been looking at you a long while. . . . For God's sake! . . . I believe in you; you are a good man, an honest man; I entreat you by all that is sacred in the world—tell me the truth! If you knew how important it is for me. . . . Doctor, for God's sake tell me. . . . Am I in danger?" "What can I tell you, Alexandra Andreevna, pray?" "For God's sake, I beseech you!" "I can't disguise from you," I say, "Alexandra Andreevna; you are certainly in danger; but God is merciful." "I shall die, I shall die." And it seemed as though she were pleased; her face grew so bright; I was alarmed. "Don't be afraid, don't be afraid! I am not frightened of death at all." She suddenly sat up and leaned on her elbow. "Now . . . yes, now I can tell you

that I thank you with my whole heart . . . that you are kind and good—that I love you!" I stare at her, like one possessed; it was terrible for me, you know. "Do you hear, I love you!" "Alexandra Andreevna, how have I deserved—" "No, no, you don't—you don't understand me." . . . And suddenly she stretched out her arms, and taking my head in her hands, she kissed me! . . .

Believe me, I almost screamed aloud . . . I threw myself on my knees, and buried my head in the pillow. She did not speak; her fingers trembled in my hair; I listen; she is weeping. I began to soothe her, to assure her. . . . I really don't know what I did say to her. "You will wake up the girls," I say to her; "Alexandra Andreevna, I thank you . . . believe me . . . calm yourself." "Enough, enough!" she persisted; "never mind all of them; let them wake, then; let them come in—it does not matter; I am dying you see. . . . And what do you fear? why are you afraid? Lift up your head. . . . Or, perhaps, you don't love me; perhaps I am wrong. . . . In that case, forgive me." "Alexandra Andreevna, what are you saying! . . . I love you, Alexandra Andreevna." She looked straight into my eyes, and opened her arms wide. "Then take me in your arms." . . .

I tell you frankly, I don't know how it was I did not go mad that night. I feel that my patient is killing herself; I see that she is not fully herself; I understand, too, that if she did not consider herself on the point of death, she would never have thought of me; and, indeed, say what you will, it's hard to die at twenty without having known love; this was what was torturing her; this was why, in despair, she caught at me—do you understand now? But she held me in her arms, and would not let me go. "Have pity on me, Alexandra Andreevna, and have pity on yourself," I say. "Why," she says; "what is there to think of? You know I must die." . . . This she repeated incessantly. . . . "If I knew that I should return to life, and be a proper young lady again, I should be ashamed . . . of course, ashamed . . . but why now?" "But who has said you will die?" "Oh, no, leave off! you will not deceive me;



you don't know how to lie—look at your face.” . . .  
“You shall live, Alexandra Andreevna; I will cure you; we will ask your mother's blessing . . . we will be united—she says, “what is there to think of? You know I must die.” . . . you have promised me . . . you have told me.” . . . It was cruel for me—cruel for many reasons.

‘It occurred to her to ask me, what is my name; not my surname, but my first name. I must needs be so unlucky as to be called Trifon. Yes, indeed; Trifon Ivanitch. Every one in the house called me doctor. However, there's no help for it. I say, “Trifon, madam.” She frowned, shooked her head, and muttered something in French—ah, something unpleasant of course! and then she laughed—disagreeably too. Well, I spent the whole night with her in this way. Before morning I went away, feeling as though I were mad. When I went again into her room it was daytime, after morning tea. Good God! I could scarcely recognize her; people are laid in their grave looking better than that. I swear to you, on my honor, I don't understand—now, how I lived through that experience. Three days and nights my patient still lingered on. And what nights! What things she said to me! And on the last night—only imagine to yourself—I was sitting near her, and kept praying to God for one thing only: “Take her,” I said, “quickly, and me with her!” Suddenly the old mother comes unexpectedly into the room. I had already the evening before told her—the mother—there was little hope, and it would be well to send for a priest. When the sick girl saw her mother she said: “It's very well you have come; look at us, we love one another—we have given each other our word.” “What does she say, doctor? what does she say?” I turned livid. “She is wandering,” I say; “the fever.” But she: “Hush, hush; you told me something quite different just now, and have taken my ring. Why do you pretend? My mother is good—she will forgive—she will understand—and I am dying. . . . I have no need to tell lies; give me your hand.” I jumped up and ran out of the room. The old lady, of course, guessed how it was.

‘I will not, however, weary you any longer, and to me too, of course, it's painful to recall all this. My patient passed

away the next day. God rest her soul!' the doctor added, speaking quickly and with a sigh. 'Before her death she asked her family to go out and leave me alone with her.'

"Forgive me," she said; "I am perhaps to blame towards you . . . my illness . . . but believe me, I have loved no one more than you . . . do not forget me . . . keep my ring!"

The doctor turned away . . . I took his hand.

IVAN TURGENEV.



There is said to be a strife on among certain publishers as to who shall get the mantle of Mosher. I suspect he will not leave anybody even his socks.

Thank God we are almost hearing no more of those Americans stranded or delayed abroad, owing to the war. Certain persons who like to be in the public eye, appear to have skipped back and forth several times, just for the grandstand effect. Your American "bounder" never misses a chance.

The following alleged "poem" by Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu Noble prize-winner, is going the rounds of the literary press:

Beloved, every part of my being craves for the corresponding part of yours. My heart is heavy with its own restlessness, and it yearns to fall senseless on yours.

My eyes linger on your eyes, and my lips long to attain salvation by losing their existence on your lips.

My thirsty heart is crying bitterly for the unveiling of your celestial form.

The heart is deep in the ocean of being, and I sit by the forbidding shore and moan for ever.

But to-night, beloved, I shall enter the mysteries of existence with a bosom heaving with love supreme, and my entire being shall find its eternal union in thine.

The gentleman's trouble might be diagnosed in fewer words: but why call it a poem?

## Side Talks by the Editor

### Come All Ye Merry Col- lectors

Your true collector, like the poet, is born—not made. 'Tis a passion that shows itself early in life even as doth poetry. Here, alas, the likeness ends, for the collector survives the poet in the human breast.

Who does not remember the schoolfellow that won away all his marbles and those of the other lads? How we used to gape and wonder at his luck, poor simpletons!—it was but the nascent genius of the collector. I recall, as if yesterday, such a young hunk taking me to his home and showing me, craftily bunked in the garret, all his “shining gain.” Aladdin’s treasure was beggarly by comparison. I still feel the choking envy that rose within me at sight of that glittering variegated heap of alleys, agates, bullseyes and marbles. Since coming to years of maturity, the spectacle of no man’s wealth has affected me half so much. And as I stood there mumping with impotent desire over those pellets of glass and clay, I felt a strange sinking at the heart, which an older wisdom translates into the conviction that I would never become a collector. The presentiment was only too well founded—I have never collected anything that the world sets a price on, and to this hour I stand naked outside the Kingdom of Junk. . . .

That collecting (in the technical sense) is carried to a point of unreason by many persons, may be easily granted. In strict fact, he is not worthy the proud title of Collector whose hobby appears anything short of a transcendent passion or mania for which he stands ever ready to risk life, limb and fortune. Whip me those paltry varlets and pretenders who affect to be collectors from their base economies invested in the sweepings of cheap auction rooms:—it is not with such *canaille* we have to do here.

Collecting, like literature, has what may be called the grand style, which to achieve in some degree confers a sort of brevet or patent of esteem. It is a pursuit that has aristocratic affinities on every side: hence, I suspect, the ardor with which it is followed in this country.

My purpose is not to "catalogue" the collecting fraternity, whose name is Legion, nor to enumerate the objects of their perquisition, which span alike the dictionary and the industry of man. Even to mention merely the principal classes of collectors were a mighty task. I content myself with glancing only at the collectors of printed things from *Incunabula* and Elzevirs to the broken volumes of Papyrus.

To-day I was politely requested by a firm of Boston book-sellers to state "what special line of books I collected," a blank form being thoughtfully provided for my reply, with a specimen page of a sort of collectors' *Who's Who*, which the said firm is to bring out.

Really, Messieurs, you do me too much honor! I have not the vanity to aspire to be a Collector and still less—pardon me—the pertinent and necessary *pecunia*. I get my books where I can, and I confess to a partiality for hunting them out in old-book stalls, those repositories of the only "second-hand" commerce which disgraces not the purchaser; and I pay as little for them as I may. 'Tis a traffic that appeals to me with its seemly pretence of learning on the part of the dealer, and that air of obliging you which no other merchant doth assume. But no "special line," if you please, echoing my Boston inquisitors; I can read any sort of book if it have literary life-blood in its veins. The counterfeits of such I abandon to the hieratic or professional collector, by whom they are sometimes fabulously rated.

I suspect the vanity of exclusive possession is three-fourths of the collecting mania, but there can be, and commonly are, subsidiary motives, such as (I regret to say) pride of money, snobbery, the itch of singularity, pretence of learning, and mere pedantry. Indeed, though it irks me to censure ever so lightly any devotee of the gentle art, it may not be denied that a prevailing type of rich book collector collects for his own credit and public repute, rather than from a genuine love of learning or literature: he is as a witty writer has said, a man *with*, not *of* books. Of course, I refer only to the American species: but the same reproach has been often alleged against his European fellow. Horace Walpole is the model that both seek to pattern by: he was, as Ma-

caulay describes him, an indefatigable collector of worthless trifles and a prince among snobs. But he had distinction of a kind, and he remains the polished, perverse patron of rich collectors of the *parvenu* type.

It is the custom of our American journalists, who love to mouth money above all things, and therefore print no end of nonsense about rich collectors, to congratulate such persons fulsomely on their acquisitions, and to ascribe both to them and their "treasures" an importance which neither can justify. The enormous prices alleged in the newspaper chronicle are seldom, if ever, paid; the actual value to the public of some of the costliest and most ambitious enterprises of the collector is little or nothing. Here, as elsewhere, the journalist lackeying the rich proves an unsafe guide.

But my cue is rather the mania of collecting *per se*, of which Balzac has given us the heroic example in "Cousin Pons." That is a sad enough story, in all conscience, and generally speaking, I fear collectors do not have a merry time of it, spite of the flattering homage of the newspapers and the even sweeter envy of the neighbors. Their works cannot follow them, of course, when they become *pulvis et umbra*, and *placens uxor* (rarely in sympathy with our manias) in default of strict testamentary injunction, is quick to hustle a life's accumulated treasures to the auction rooms. All are dispersed to alien hands and *Defunctus*, instead of the proud memorial bust and tablet he had promised himself in some great library or museum, has this for his epitaph: *Vanitas vanitatum!*

I have been led into these somewhat drab reflections by seeing lately advertised at auction sale, a library of rare books belonging to a collector whom I had quite intimately known. This worthy gentleman collected from as honest a motive as any, yet it were more than human if he found himself averse to the sort of notice heaped upon him by fulsome newspapers and flattering friends. His "great learning" was constantly referred to, which he a cultivated man, but not at all a profound scholar nor privately claiming the character, took no pains to deprecate. And certainly there was great learning in his house, within the musty ancient

folios or black-letter tomes, in the acquisition of which he had spent a considerable fortune.

It is very singular how a ruling passion grows, and surely the passion of collecting is no exception.

In the beginning this man owned his books, but when the mania reached its height, they literally owned *him*. Showing me this collection of *Incunabula*—early printed books in Latin which he could not read for the life of him—he said that to get some volumes which would fill out his collection, he would be strongly tempted to sacrifice the remainder of his patrimony.

This was certainly the vanity of possession, for as he could not read the books in their Latin text, it would be foolish to suppose that his passion was that of the scholar. No, it was the true mania of the collector: others with longer purses had outbidden him in his desire, and the fact left him craving and unhappy.

I cannot myself see much use for a library of books mildewed and mummified by the lapse of centuries, which one does not read, and scarcely dare handle, and which one has to keep in fire-proof cases or at the Safe Deposit. (My friend actually kept there his most treasured volumes). A book is the most familiar creature possible: life offers us little to rival its companionship. Now to lock it up in a steel box, preserving it for a barren non-use, seems to me as foolish a thing as ever man conceived.

Add the consideration that all such books are to be had in plain honest English, if of the least value, and for little above the price of herrings,—and really I don't see what excuse there can be for such learned rubbish, outside a museum. That a man should spend his money and his life in the work of collecting these cast-off reliquaries of thought, these *exuviae* of erudition, is quite beyond my philosophy. But *there*, of course, is the mania. . . .

And I will not say (though I be myself lacking in the stuff of which your *preux* collector is made) that there is not something fine and heroic in the hobby. It is a passion at least, and a man with a passion may be condemnable in a hundred ways, but he cannot fail to be interesting and *alive*.

This is always true of the greater sort of collectors: their strifes and emulations, their counter-marches and campaigns, have something Homeric about them, and the tale is one to which the world seldom inclines a careless ear. . . .

When Goodman Grandet, urged by greed rather than devotion, snatches at the silver crucifix in his dying convulsion, we are not shocked, so true is the touch of art; and we applaud Balzac for this bold depiction of the ruling passion strong even in death. . . .

To live a collector is to die a collector!

I doubt not that my friend's last conscious thought was of his books and of the enduring monument they would raise for him in the public remembrance. Having no children of his body, he might rely on *them* alone to carry his name to a far posterity. Hence, my sorrow at seeing them "put up and knocked down," as the shop phrase brutally has it, in public auction. It was of a truth in ghastly fashion like putting the man himself up and knocking him down; and I did not stay to see how his treasures went. However, the humor of the situation was saved by the presence of his brother collectors, competitors in the acquisition of *Incunabula*, etc., who seemed eager to despoil *him* as they will in turn be despoiled. . . .

Not to end upon a sad note, I urge the gentle reader, if he is not now a collector, to become one forthwith. 'Tis an amiable passion that adds a great zest to life—nay, many wise persons think, prolongs it. For it is not to be doubted that the years of desire mark that term of life in which we are most thoroughly and vitally alive—not an inert nerve or pulse anywhere. Begin then to collect, by all means (—there are my own trifling Works and the aforementioned broken volumes of Papyrus). For to desire something is to want to get or collect it: and whilst we collect we live!

## On Going To Church

The town of Norwalk was lately seized in the throes of a religious agitation: not what you would call a revival of the Moody and Sankey or Billy Sunday type, but a concerted, non-sectarian move of the ministers to bring people to church. The method pursued was very different from that

which anciently obtained under the Blue Laws of this State. Legislating in the supposed interest of the Lord has gone out of fashion.

I may explain that there were really three towns involved—Norwalk, South Norwalk and East Norwalk, which the new charter is supposed to unite into one city. But the Connecticut mind moves with deliberation, and so the three towns go along as if nothing had happened. . . . Well, in each of them, this church-going movement was briskly carried on, the ministers of the different denominations making common cause in an effort to reclaim the lost, strayed or merely indifferent.

A liberal use of printer's ink seemed to be the principal feature of this little crusade. Placards scattered about in store windows, and even in saloon-bars, told you in persuasive pica to GO TO CHURCH! These had been prepared by an expert in evangelical advertising. They nailed your eye at the first shot. Pithy arguments were used, simply and tersely stated, to back up the injunction. These sentiments were varied, each placard bumping your mind with some irresistible fact and leaving *that* to do its work. A typical card ran somewhat like this—

*Go to Church!*

Religion is the recognition of God and the admission of higher standards of conduct than men are apt to make individually for themselves. It is the foundation of character and the essence of good living. Are you prepared to say that you want a city without churches? Whatever your creed, whether Protestant, Catholic or what-not, go to Church!

This illustrates the idea, but does not pretend to reproduce the text. It is not in truth nearly so pointed and effective as were most of the cards that I saw. I was struck with this application of printed advertising in a religious campaign, and I am sure that it bore good results. Needless to point out, it was greatly futhered by the non-sectarian character of the



appeal. It is not so long ago that the idea of urging Catholics and Jews to attend their church or synagogue would have been hastily repudiated by Protestants as emanating from the Devil! I believe the fact that bigotry no longer brackets them together argues an advance in the spirit of true religion.

It will be said that the ministers were mainly actuated by economic reasons, and that their unwonted show of charity was shrewdly calculated to help themselves. People are falling away from the churches everywhere, it seems, and the ministers are being starved out—many of them are actually unable to live by the Gospel. Hence these desperate and new-fangled methods to drum people into church.

In all this, there is but a superficial, not a deep or general truth. Even if the facts were as stated, without exaggeration, it would call for no censure of the ministers who started this go-to-church movement. I think they should go after the people. I had rather see them get the poor man's dime than the rich man's endowment—that scandal of present-day "churchianity." But the laborer is worthy of his hire, and the means must be forthcoming from some source. Blame for making the church a parasite of the rich is not all to be placed in one quarter. The people can thank themselves for the spectacle of a Morgan or a Rockefeller supporting their churches and religious institutions. Christ having recourse to the money-changers is truly a disedifying sight—but why was this necessary? I say again, the ministers do right in going after the people.

Now I would have stopped right here, but that an article on this very subject came pat to my notice. It was written by a clever man who typifies the intolerance of liberalism—you know that kind, quite as repugnant to men of sense as the religious narrow-head. Well, this man declares that the Church as an institution is doomed and the ministers had better hunt other jobs and quickly too! I think he knows better in his heart, and it surely is droll enough to find a man past years of discretion turning out such twaddle as this:

"The Church has no future, and wise are they who recognize the fact that God is everywhere if anywhere; that the round world is a temple; that there is no gulf between the secular and the sacred; that the useful is the divine, and the

helpful is the sacred; that all days are holy, and that men who know most about this world are those who are best fitted to teach us the Way of Life."

To say that the Church has no future is about as sensible as to say that humanity has no future. Only very young persons hazard such nonsense, or those incapable of learning the lessons of human experience. A third class might be added—those who really hate virtue and who would like to see a confusion of all standards.

I am myself of the liberal fold, but one has lived and thought to little purpose who, passing forty years, does not recognize that religion is an absolute need of the human soul (to say nothing of its being the chief safeguard of society), and that this primal truth postulates the eternal existence of the Church.

If the Church survived the wars of religion in the past—the Inquisition—the Reformation—the French Revolution—the era of Scientific Agnosticism—can you doubt that it will emerge triumphant from the indifference of the present? And this indifference is by no means deep-seated—a touch and the Tree of Life is again atingle in every leaf!

Men have waded knee-deep in blood to get the particular kind of church they wanted, but there is no historical instance of a war being set on foot merely to get rid of all religion.

Nothing more terrible than the religious wars of the past can be imagined, and a constant dwelling upon them would make an atheist and church-hater of almost anybody. But we do not live in the past, and those terrible wars, however cruel and senseless, have yielded us the priceless heritage of religious liberty.

So too the efforts of the great skeptics—Montaigne, Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Renan, Tolstoy—have but tended in the large to keep the Ship of Faith to her true course. The so-called harm they have done her was for her lasting good; and they themselves finally appear as the saints of progress!

Like Horace, I may not claim to be much of a church member (*parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*), but that is not because of any real prejudice toward the Church, which I

freely admit stands for the best in our civilization. Whether we could get along as well without it, is an idle question—the experiment will never be tried. The Church which called for the sacrifice of the Son of God in its foundation, upon which humanity has labored for so many ages in the upbuilding, and which has cost the most gigantic effort and travail to the race,—this Church, you may be sure, is here planted for all time.

And so when I take my daily spin around the three Norwalks—(a cheerful walk it is on a fine Spring day, with the handsomely kept lawns all looking their prettiest, and the splendid elms on West avenue aligned like an army with banners:—a bit better than three miles, I reckon it from my house clean round through Norwalk and South Norwalk, over the new river bridge where you stop to fill your lungs with ozone from the Sound, and so through East Norwalk back home again)—I say that in the course of this little perambulation, it does me good to see all the churches, Roman Catholic, Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, etc., many sectarian bodies, but all active, live units in THE CHURCH. The structures are generally pleasing from an architectural point of view and add much to the beauty of the town—steepled and plain, Greek cross, Latin cross and no cross at all, windows of rose and fire and quaintly figured legend, apse and nave and clerestory or just simple New England meeting house with smoothed rafters, almost bare in its lack of ornament,—I like to see them all, and I find in their diversity an assurance that everybody's spiritual needs are provided for. I am gratefully sure that where there are so many churches, nobody will be forced to attend any particular church, and the Blue Laws will continue to accumulate dust and silence. This independence in religion is expensive, as in other things, and it naturally makes for small congregations; but freedom in religious matters has always been deemed cheap at any price.

On these terms, therefore, I agree with the ministers and pastors of the three Norwalks.

Of their evangelical zeal, I have cited a proof, and I liked

this the better that is savored not at all of the intolerance that religion, so-called, has sometimes assumed—of the *Compelle intrare* which flames out a lurid warning from the past. Religion is none the less enduring, I believe, for these many altars, and I am sure liberty is the safer.

We may as well own up to the truth—there are none of us any too prone to doing good! The writer mentioned above seems to imply that all days are holy to him, so he does not require the Sabbath of the church. I should hate to take that man's virtue at his own estimate—those of us who are merely human know the difficulty of keeping even *one* day holy. And there certainly is no gulf between the secular and the sacred—for those who can see none.

You don't need the church if, as Emerson suggested, you can lead a perfect life without it? How many of us can? I read Emerson's essays every year with the rarest intellectual pleasure: but they do not replace for me the Sermon on the Mount.

There is really no escape for us, you see! I am no better than the rest of you, dear churchless readers, and I have digged this pit with mine own hands! Well, let us make the best of it. Did not Montesquieu say that though religion may be an idle superstition, it is the only protection we have against the wickedness and injustice of men? After all, a great many people do it and seem to take no harm thereby. Goodness is much of a habit, like most things in this puzzle of a world—and so is going to church!

. . . . .

### **Music-Mad America**

We, the American people, are madly devoted to that prevalent form of noise called music, and we spend vast sums in patronizing and cultivating the several varieties of it.

There is something spurious in our national devotion to music, for we are not as a people specially gifted that way. But nothing is commoner than a little tune, or air, a bit of taste for the tum-tum, and as music is peculiarly a social talent giving the boy or girl a chance to show off, to the envy

of the neighbors, and as, moreover, many people regard it as the highest kind of culture, nothing could be more natural than the present condition. And certainly nothing could be more gratifying to the annual horde of foreign artists—the hirsute men and tremendous fat women whom we shower with our dollars, or the shrewd impresario who sees a golden highway stretching from New York to Red Dog, or the European “masters” to whom we send our gifted young people—if the latter cannot impart their art, they can at least take our money.

I hate to fly in the face of a popular superstition, but candor urges me to set down my firm belief that music, in the common sense and acceptance of it, has no more relation to real mental culture than it has to the binomial theorem or the table of logarithms. Among musical people of the ordinary sort,—piano teachers, fiddlers and church tenors, 'cellists, sopranis, etc.,—one does not look for culture or even unusual intelligence. Of all the arts music owes least to the intellectual powers: one is born to the tum-tum and the solfeggio, without the necessity of mental exertion. That old gibe—*Quid est sacerdotium?* . . . *Otium!*—better applies to the tuneless avocations. Victor Hugo had the extraordinary notion that professional musicians formed a race apart, with certain sexual characteristics peculiar to themselves, and it is well known that he would not allow them to be presented to him.

Among the musically given of a higher order one does not often meet with a first-rate intellect: a James Huneker is almost as rare as a Berlioz or Rossini. The so-called music critics are the most tiresome insects in the literary chorus of the New York press. Such a pretense of culture backed up by a Chinese style and the dialect of the score books, such blague and obscurity, such inversion of common sense, such painful grimacing vanity, the windy critic competing as it were with the windy artist,—I know not a worse punishment than to have to read much of what passes for expert music criticism in New York. And the utter worthlessness of it is proven by the fact that the “critics” are commonly at total variance one with another. Of course, there are real men and good writers amongst them, but unluckily the epicene

type and bad writer mentioned has the public ear and the largest space in the newspaper.

The mere fact that women are, as a rule, passionately fond of music and much given to sentimentalizing over musicians (if only they be foreigners and have hair enough) condemns it as an inferior form of art. The tribute of hysteric emotionalism which they are in the habit of paying Paderewski at the close of his performances, is undeniably neurotic (or erotic?) in its nature: culture has nothing to do with it.

According to common report, this fine artist has taken considerably over a million dollars out of the American public—I was going to say “music lovers,” but that would not be strictly accurate, since many persons contribute to Paderewski’s bank account who neither love nor understand his art. People go to hear him or any other foreign artist because it is “classy,” expensive, and the proper thing to do. And what a rich graft it is! To say nothing of the larger cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, there are scattered over the country dozens of good towns where the wives of the well-to-do fight to get their names put down as “patronesses.” Needless to say, the vanity of these snobbish women, and not the artist or his art, determines the question of financial success. This is true of Kalamazoo, Mich., as well as of New York, where the jeweled parrots of the Four Hundred deign to exhibit themselves—and call it Grand Opera! And perhaps there are no colder hearts (I only surmise it) than beat in the lavishly exposed bosoms of many women who seem unable to contain themselves at the high notes of Caruso or the fine phrenzy of Paderewski.



As bait for the prurient, this from a Macmillan “Ad” seems to me extra choice:

“Don’t leave Miss Sinclair’s new novel, ‘**THE THREE SISTERS**,’ which we recommended last week, lying around for anyone to read. It is a book for the discriminating mind only.”

Don’t you see them fighting for it?

## Byron

TRELAWNY tells us in his "Recollections" how he saw the corpse of Byron at Missolonghi, and how he sent Fletcher out of the room in order that he might gratify his curiosity to have a look at the feet. Under the circumstances, one feels that no man ever told a more detestable thing about himself. But this by the way. Trelawny says *both feet were clubbed*, and I believe he either lied, from a desire to exaggerate the mystery and from his ill-disguised hatred of Byron, or perhaps blundered from a real confusion; he admitted that Fletcher returning suddenly surprised him in his ghoulish inspection.

That Trelawny lied or blundered or perverted the facts, the following obvious consideration, which yet seems not to have occurred to the critics, leaves little doubt. He was always curious about Byron's lameness, and refers to the matter several times in an invidious way. But why did he have to wait for Byron's death to discover the actual fact of the deformity? On his own showing, he was admitted to the most familiar intercourse with him,—indeed, he represents himself as rather evading Byron's importunate hospitalities. Under these conditions, a man would find it difficult to conceal *two club feet* as effectually as a strawberry mark in his armpit! Yet Byron seems to have baffled Trelawny's keen and hostile curiosity until death gave the latter his sinister opportunity. Above all, Trelawny relates that he frequently bathed and swam long distances in the sea with Byron. He is at pains to make himself out the better (or stronger) swimmer, and he plainly discloses his jealous emulation. A fin, he says, is better than a foot for swimming, scornfully alluding to the poet's disability: still he omits to tell us that he discovered anything in the circumstances. Did Byron wear, even while swimming, the elaborate foot-gear intended to hide or attenuate his deformity? The notion is ridiculous—it would have hopelessly hindered him. And if he did wear it, would Trelawny have failed to observe and report the fact? Assuredly not. I conclude, therefore, that he both lied and exaggerated when many years afterward, he sat down to transcribe his

"recollections" of the great poet. Trelawny was then a soured and broken man, a partisan, like his crony Leigh Hunt, of the English faction that sought to degrade the name and fame of Byron. His witness will never be accepted by the fairminded.

Trelawny was a marplot at best, and poor Shelley might have lived out his days, had he not had the ill luck to fall in with him. Manifestly, he encouraged Shelley in those seafaring hazards for which the latter was so grotesquely unfitted, and which cost him his life.

This book of Trelawny's pretends to no literary art, and is disfigured by obvious spite and prejudice. But it seems destined to live by virtue of a few vivid first-hand impressions of the greatest poetic personality of his age: it is much less memorable for what it has to record of Shelley.

Apropos of Byron, that spoiled child of fame, it may be worth noting that the two *worst* books ever written about him, or inspired by him, are the work of American ladies, namely Harriet Beecher Stowe and Hallie Erminie Rives. But there is a difference to be explained. Mrs. Stowe's book on Byron, which made a great scandal some forty years ago, and is not readily picked up nowadays, is one of the *worst* because the writer, claiming to speak with Lady Byron's authority, charges the poet with having been the incestuous lover of his own half-sister. The world did not take kindly to Mrs. Stowe's book and her terrible accusation found no lodgment save in such cankered breasts as wish to believe only evil of transcendent genius. Mrs. Stowe's book is taboo to most people and the whole matter become almost as vague as the Beecher scandal, with which it is sometimes not unnaturally confounded.

Hallie Ermine Rives' book, though comparatively innoxious, is one of the worst ever written about Byron in a literary sense. It is dubbed "The Castaway" and it justifies in full measure that reputation for sly lubricity, for pert impudence and infinite assurance which certain American author-esses have long enjoyed. Miss Rives' pseudo-fiction is literally of a sort to make the author of "Don Juan" turn in his grave. In smirking silliness and salacity, in all the pretence without anything of the reality of talent, this precious book



is entirely worthy of its source. Is it necessary to add that discriminating literary America awarded it the honors of a "best seller?"



Of course Chesterton cannot be induced to visit America. Shavian to the last!

---

What a monstrous ironic jest this war seems to make of Christianity—Christianity that has never been tried!

---

I am willing to admit that men soon sink into swine without a religion that makes them accountable for their bodies as well as their souls.

---

What sort of mind can it be that is impelled to write a volume-length study of John Addington Symonds? Surely this is running literature to seed.

---

There is an article in one of the magazines on the "spiritual dangers" of writing *vers libre*. Why not physical dangers as well? Have none of those fellows got what has been so long coming to them?

---

Blessed is he or she that makes two subscribers grow where only one grew before! If you like THE PHOENIX and wish to pass the joy along, send us the names of your discerning friends:—we will do the rest.

---

Hope you like our new cover. The symbolism thereof is not too obvious, we fancy, and yet with the instructed public in mind, we risk saying that "he who runs may Rhead." We are under a great compliment to this fine artist, and we shall strive egregiously to live up to our blue china.

---

Says Joseph McCabe: "For fifteen hundred years priests have guided the counsels of men in Europe. This war is a colossal proof of their futility." Let us admit, however, that the priests have to bear their part in the suffering. And in France their heroism is writing a brilliant page.

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